

Honorable Roswell G. Horr, one of the editors of the New York Tribune, thus criticises the Free Trade champion Congressman of West Virginia, Ex-Congressman Wilson:

I remember well two years ago, when the Republicans were overwhelmingly defeated at the polls, that the leaders of the Democratic party, among them Mr. Wilson himself, insisted that the people by a large majority had decided in favor of tariff reform.

The readers of the Tribune will bear me witness that at that time the Tribune frankly admitted the verdict of the people seemed to be against protection, and that they had decided in favor of a tariff for revenue only. They will also bear witness that the Tribune stated openly and constantly that the country would now, for the first time in thirty years, have a chance to test the workings of the two systems. The Tribune confidently predicted that vicious legislation would follow. The results which must necessarily follow such legislation were pointed out. The Tribune stated then that the workings of the two systems were about to be tested in a practical way, and that while it was feared the education of the people might be fearfully expensive the lesson would be perfectly learned. The legislation which was expected has followed. The results which the Tribune predicted have taken place.

When the Democracy entered upon its work of changing the tariff, the people openly condemned the whole business at once. A cry went up from the working people of every shop and factory against such legislation. They begged the Democratic leaders to stay their hands. They sent petitions to them in Washington by the hundreds of thousands. Committees from all over the country visited Washington and attempted to prevent any alteration of the McKinley tariff. Mr. Wilson and his crew hardly gave them a hearing. They said, "We have had the verdict of the people upon this question; we propose to give heed to that verdict." The committees which were sent to Washington returned to their homes asserting that they would show at the next election what they thought upon that subject. And they have shown it. Was there ever in this country another decision so overwhelming? Think of the fact that from twenty-two States in the Union there will not be a single democratic free trader in Congress. Think also of the great States of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Massachusetts with 120 Congressmen and only a dozen of them Democrats.

If the verdict of the people was so important and decisive in favor of free trade in 1892, pray why is not such a marvellous majority against free trade important in 1894?

Mr. Wilson may whistle on his way through the graveyard as much as he pleases. He will have a hard time in convincing this country that the vote in 1894 did not mean something. He will, in my judgement, also have some difficulty in getting the Congress elected in 1896 to proceed further with his free-trade legislation. The long list of free-trade Democrats who have been left at home by the recent election and who understand full well, if Mr. Wilson does not, that they have been defeated on account of their tariff legislation and nothing else, will be slow in their efforts to continue the legislation which resulted in such disaster to them. A free-trader who can look over the situation and cannot see the handwriting on the wall must be blind indeed. The people of the United States are tired of Mr. Wilson and his entire free-trade gang. Gentlemen, you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The people of the United States believe in legislating for the interests of our own country, and not for the purpose of aiding the people of Great Britain. The decision is clear-cut, and should be considered decisive.

Governor McKinley's last campaign has no parallel in history. In the eight weeks he traveled 16,393 miles in 17 states, making 371 speeches. It is estimated that he addressed over three-quarters of a million people, the largest audience being at Hutchinson, Kansas, where 40,000 people assembled to hear his magnetic voice. Through all the fatigue and strain he kept his health and voice. At the close of this wonderful tour he modestly said to some friend inquiring about his health: "I have been singularly fortunate. I thank God every day of my life that I have been watched over and cared for and brought through the long journey without a mishap of any kind."

POISON FOR ARROWS.

HOW THE DEADLY STUFF IS MADE BY THE INDIANS.

Heads of Rattlesnakes and Abdomens of Tarantula Killers Cooked Together. The Thrilling Method of Testing—A Secret Carefully Guarded.

I had been a cattle ranchman on the plains of southeastern Arizona for some two years before I could find out how the Apaches poison their arrow tips. The Indians inherit from their ancestors an intense secretiveness as to the manner of their preparation of venom for hunting or warlike purposes. A tribal chief years ago would as soon think of cutting off his own head as to let another chief know some method peculiar to the tribe for preparing a powerful poison. Now that the savages use firearms almost to the exclusion of their primitive weapons the older warriors will not, if they can, allow information concerning their tribal manufacture of venom to become known among the palefaces. I had in my employ a bright young Indian buck, who gave me full information concerning the way the plains Indians have for many generations made the poisonous fluids for their arrows. One day he went so far as to get permission for me to go over to the mountains to see a tribe of Yavapai get their weapons in proper poisonous condition.

Rattlesnakes afford most of the Apache and Pinte Indians' venomous compounds. To see the savages prepare the poisons and try their efficacy on themselves is enough to distress even a frontiersman's dreams. The bloated rattlesnake of the hot alkali deserts of Arizona or the panhandle of Texas makes the most powerful poison. There is no more hideous and deadly serpent in America than the bloated rattler. It is a terror even to an Apache Indian, and if there is one thing that is worse than a rattlesnake in the opinion of plainsmen and settlers in eastern Texas and southern Arizona it is an Apache Indian. The Pintes, although a more cowardly gang than the Apaches, hold this rattlesnake in less horror, but they give it plenty of room. The Pintes draw on the snake for their poison after it is dead. The Apaches, in spite of their fear of the snake, make it contribute its venom to them while it is alive.

The rattlesnake of the Arizona desert grows to a length of 6 feet and attains a girth of 6 inches at the thickest part. They have tremendous sets of rattles. This snake has fangs an inch long and is frequently fitted with two sets. The poison sacs at the base of these fangs are as big as a hazelnut. The snake is a bright yellow in color.

The desert rattlesnake is a dreadful enough customer any day in the year, but during August takes on the fullness of its frightfulness, both in appearance and conduct. About the middle of August, when the weather is insufferably hot, this snake becomes bloated from some cause until it is a third larger than its normal size. Its appearance is as if the snake had been blown up like a bladder or charged with gas like a balloon. This rattler is always sluggish and slow in its movements, and like all of its kind usually makes an effort to get out of the way of its intruders, but in August it simply lies still in floated, repulsive mass and will not move for anything, being ready at all times to strike at everything that comes near it. As near as you can get at it, this rattlesnake at that time of the year is simply a swollen reservoir of venom.

A Pinte Indian who wishes to lay in a stock of poison for his arrows kills, at this time of year, enough of these rattlesnakes for his purpose. He cuts off their heads and takes them to his lodge. He places in one of the rude earthen vessels that are among the Pinte household effects ten or a dozen of these snake heads. To them he adds perhaps a pint of tarantula killer, as the big hairy Texan or Mexican spider is called, or rather he puts the abdomen of the spider in with the snake heads. This spider has a sting that injects a poison entirely enough almost to kill a tarantula instantly, which is itself about as poisonous a member of the animal kingdom as one would care to meet. The poison sac of the tarantula killer is in the lower abdomen of the insect, and it is this the Pinte brave mixes with the rattlesnake heads. He then pours in a pint of water, seals the lid of the vessel with mud, seals the lid and places the vessel in a pit where he has made a bed of hot coals. He buries the vessel in these coals, and besides that builds a blazing fire on top of it. This fire is kept burning fiercely for several hours, when it is swept away, and the Indian digs his vessel out of the coals. With a long pole he knocks the lid off and does not venture near the pot until the steam that arises from it as soon as the lid is taken off entirely ceases to appear.

The Pintes say that to inhale the smallest quantity of that steam would be instant death. Whether that is true or not I am not able to say, as I never saw it put to the test. After the fiery ordeal to which the snake heads are put is over, a brownish residuum remains in the bottom of the kettle. That is certainly the double quintessence of poison, if its action on human blood, or, at least, Indian blood, is any indication. The Pinte always tests his poison before trusting his arrows to it. He cuts a gash in the fleshy part of his leg and draws the blood, which he lets trickle down his leg. When the red stream has run down six or seven inches, he dips a stick in the poison and touches it to the lower end of the bloody streak. If the poison is all right, it actually burns the blood almost like hot iron touched to water and rapidly runs up the trickling stream. The Indian has his knife ready and scrapes the poisoned blood off. If it were permitted to reach the wound, it would be all up with the Pinte. The arrows are dipped into this poison, and the Indian feels that whatever such an arrow hits would much better not have been born. —Exchange.

THE BOWLDER WAS ALIVE.

An Apache Strategem That Nearly Cost a Government Courier His Life.

"Talking of Indians and their strategems," said D. A. Marston, lately of the United States cavalry, "they are past masters in the arts of skulking and deceiving. An Apache will lie behind a soapweed on the open prairie, and you may ride past 200 or 300 yards away and never have an idea that there is a redskin within 50 miles of you unless he decides to risk a shot at you. As you pass the soapweed, he works his body around so as to keep it always in line with the plant and you. Even on the open prairie, with no more shelter than that afforded by some little inequality of surface, he will sift dust over his body, flatten himself out, face downward, against the ground, and lying as motionless as a stone will escape the observation of any except sharp and practiced eyes. Sometimes in a group of cactus or Spanish bayonet, his buckskin garments blending with the hues of the plants, his face and neck concealed by the head of a Spanish bayonet, he will stand like a post, indistinguishable to the inexperienced eye, even at close quarters, from the grotesque plants about him.

"A queer experience of this kind occurred to me in my service in Arizona during General Crook's last campaign against the Apaches. Tom Merriam of my troop and myself were detailed to carry dispatches from Camp Bowie to Camp Grant, up on the Rio Benito. It was a dangerous service at that time, and we had to keep a sharp lookout and be ready to fight or run at a moment's notice, for there was no knowing at what point on the route the Apaches might not be lying in wait to jump us as we came along.

"We were on our return to Camp Bowie and had just crossed the wooded canyon where the cold spring is and were coming out upon the open prairie that stretches down to the San Pedro river, when through the branches of a low tree I saw what I took to be an Indian on the plain, about a half mile ahead. But on spurring my horse forward so as to get a better look nothing was to be seen save the bare prairie, with no sign of man or beast upon its expanse.

"As we rode along I spoke of the matter to Tom, who laughed at what he called my scare, which he said caused me to see imaginary Indians. We came opposite a low, gray bowlder upon the prairie 200 paces or so from the trail.

"I don't remember ever to have seen that rock before," said Tom, who had been over the route several times. "How in the devil did it get there? I'll ride over and take a look at it!" And he reined his horse and rode toward the object. I followed him, a few yards behind.

"His horse had scarcely taken a dozen steps when the seeming gray rock moved slightly upward, and there came from its lower edge a flash and report with the scream of a big caliber ball that flapped Tom's coat with its wind and caused his horse to plunge so suddenly that Tom, one of the best riders in the troop, not being on the lookout for such a happening, was thrown. At the same instant an Apache leaped from beneath the gray blanket that had served him to masquerade as a bowlder and ran like a deer for the canyon, leaping to left and right as he went toward the shots that Tom and I sent after him from our repeating carbines.

"We knocked up the dust about his feet and made him do some tall dodging to the whistling of our bullets, but that was all, for we didn't hit him. To have chased him would have been folly, first, because we were bearing dispatches in haste and needed the last ounce of reserve force in our horses, and, secondly, because with the start he had we should not have overhauled him in his run for the canyon, into which we could not have followed him. So we took the trail again and rode our way with another wrinkle added to our experience of Indian trickery and cunningness." —New York Sun.

Terrible Torture In Morocco.

A charge had been laid at Malai Omar's door—that of having ordered the music of the drums and flutes to cease on the occasion of the announcement of Malai Abdul Aziz's succession to the throne. On the players refusing, his highness sent a slave, who enforced silence by splitting up the drums with a dagger. For this act of treason he was afterward punished by having the flesh of his hand sliced, the wound filled with salt and the whole hand sewed up in leather.

It is a common belief that this punishment causes mortification to set in, and that the hand decomposes, but such is not the case, for by the time the leather wears off the wound is healed, the result being that the hand is rendered useless and remains closed forever. It is a punishment not often in use, but is sometimes done in cases of murder or constant theft, as, without in any way injuring the health of the man, it prevents his committing the crime a second time or for the hundredth time, as the case may be. It is a punishment that cannot be applied except by the sultan's orders. —Blackwood's Magazine.

Poorly Shod.

A business man has in his employ one of those quick witted sons of Erin who are rarely if ever at a loss for a bright rejoinder.

One day when the streets were very slippery with ice a truckman tried to get up to the gentleman's door with a heavy load. The horses, having no corks on their shoes, struggled and slipped about in a desperate way without making any real progress.

The good humored Irishman went out and endeavored to assist the truckman. At last, when it seemed as if their united efforts were all in vain, Pat looked up at the man and said, with a grin:

"It's no use. Thim haarses av yurs have nary a shoe thim—only shlipers!" —Youth's Companion.

1894



ONCE AGAIN WE GREET YOU

The grand and glorious CHRISTMAS time is coming near and nearer. You know we've always tried before to make this season brighter. We've done our best to turn this store, with all its stock and stuff galore, into a place where more and more the people's hearts grow lighter.

Oh, What a Christmas Feast!

For the People of Central Michigan.

GREAT LANDSLIDE IN PRICES.

Until the New Year, 1895, dawns upon us we will place our entire stock of Winter Goods, consisting of

\$25,000

WORTH OF CHOICE

Dry Goods, Carpets, Jackets
Capes, Clothing, Furnishing
Goods, Boots, Shoes, etc. . .

Under the sharp edge of the merciless knife, to clear our shelves before the New Year.

If money only grew on trees and everybody owned an orchard, it wouldn't make much difference how or where it was spent. Being as it is however it makes a vast sight of difference whether you spend it wisely or otherwise.

There is no more need of your not getting value received for your hard earned money than there is in your throwing it to the fishes and mud-turtles in the river. If there ever is a time when the heart of a good man or woman yearns after riches, it's about the beginning of the holiday season. We can double everybody's cash by giving double values for the money spent at our stores.

This is Our Way

Of giving everybody a chance to make their money go the farthest. You can't in justice to yourselves or your pocket-books let the bargains we offer you during this GREAT UNLOADING SALE pass you by as you will never have a better opportunity to buy your warm and useful

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

AN UNUSUAL OFFERING

Standard Light Prints, worth 4c, only 3c
Choice Dark Dress Prints, worth 6 and 7c, only 4 1/2c
Extra fine yd wide Sheeting, worth 6c, only 4c
Heavy Bleached Cotton, worth 8c, only 6c
Heavy Outing Flannel, worth 7c, only 5c
Heavy Baby Flannel, white, worth 7c, only 5c
Fine 38 inch wide Henriettas, all colors, worth 55c, only 22c
Fine 46 inch wide Henriettas, all wool, black, worth \$1.00, only 70c
Choice 46 inch wide Dress Serge, all colors, worth 75c, only 47c
Fine 38 inch wide Dress Flannels, all colors, worth 60c, only 35c
Ladies' heavy Jersey Knit Underwear, worth 35c, only 23c
Children's heavy Gray Knit Underwear, worth 25c, only 16c
All wool figure heavy Ingrain Carpet, worth 75c, only 48c
Heavy Union, choice styles, Ingrain Carpet, worth 50c, only 37c
Window Shades, complete with fixtures, worth 25c, only 15c
Ladies' Fine Wool Hose, worth 35c, only 23c
Choice clean White Batting, worth 10c, only 7 1/2c
Ladies' Corsets all styles, from 39c to 89c
Heavy gray or white Blankets, worth \$1.00, only 59c
Ladies' Fine Shoes lace or button, worth \$2.25, only \$1.68
Ladies' Heavy Storm Shoes, worth \$1.25, only 89c

Men's all wool heavy Cheviot Suits, worth \$15.00, only \$9.00
Men's fine Waxed Suits, worth \$16.00, only \$10.50
Men's fine heavy Union Casimer Suit, worth \$8.00, only \$1.50
Boys' 2 piece Union Casimer Suits, worth \$5.50, only \$3.50
Boys' 2 piece Union Casimer Suits, worth \$3.50, only \$2.00
Boys' 2 piece Union Casimer Suits, worth \$2.00, only .95c
Men's heavy fine Ulsters, worth \$16.00, only \$10.00
Men's heavy Ulsters, worth \$10.00, only \$6.50
Men's fine Dress Overcoats, Beaver, worth \$15.00, only \$9.00
Men's Heavy Overcoats, worth \$10.00, only \$6.00
Boys' nice Cape Overcoats, velvet collar, worth \$3.50, only \$1.49
Men's Heavy Wool Pants, worth \$2.50, only \$1.38
Men's Heavy Overshirts, wool knit, worth \$1.50, only .95c
Men's heavy Overshirts, union knit, worth 75c, only 48c
Men's heavy Gray Underwear, worth 45c, only 23c
Men's fine Plush Caps, silk line, worth \$1.25, only 75c
Men's heavy Wool Socks, worth 35c, only 19c
Men's heavy Wool Mittens, worth 60c, only 45c
Men's Fine Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress, worth \$2.25, only \$1.48
Men's Rubbers' Felts, Socks, etc. at reduced prices

Select your useful Christmas Presents from the following list:

A nice Dress, Jacket, Cape, Muff, Fur Neck Scarf, Carpet, Rug, Table Spread, doz. Napkins, pair of Fancy Towels, pair of Fine Mittens, Shoes or Slippers, Fancy Silk Hose Supporters.

A nice warm Suit, Overcoat, Cap, Silk Scarf, Silk Handkerchief, Necktie, Fancy Suspenders, Gloves, Mittens, Underwear, Shirt or Fine Shoes.

Although small, the greatest of all—Fine Silk Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

Call and convince yourselves of the many choice bargains we offer you.

P. S.—Get a set of those useful Christie Knives or a piece of Handsome Furniture free of charge, when your purchases amount to \$25.00.

F. E. POLLASKY.